

UP-TO-DATE  
AND NEWSY

## BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY  
ROBERT EDGRENLANGFORD STOPS SMITH  
IN THRILLING BATTLEWestchester Farmer Puts Up Game Fight  
Against Boston Colored Heavyweight at  
Fairmont Club, But Right to Chin  
Compels Him to Yield.

SAM LANGFORD, black as coal, his teeth showing in an ugly grin and his little eyes sparkling, intently followed every move of Jim Smith, the Westchester farmer. Smith was making it a punning fight—a rip-roaring fight—and at times Langford had a good deal of annoyance to add to the usual vim behind his punch.

R. Edgren's  
COLUMN

Smith's face was bloody and battered. Langford's showed lumps that didn't add to his beauty. Both were a little tired from the exertion of fighting four terrific rounds. It was now the middle of the fifth.

The fighting was as fast and furious as before. Smith, grim as death and determined as a bulldog, was rushing and plunging and slugging. Langford, setting himself deliberately, was trying with careful hooks and swings and uppercuts to land the one blow that was to do the business. He had been starting those blows at frequent intervals for four rounds, and although many had landed with a sound such as might have been made by a crate of eggs falling from the roof of The World building to the sidewalk below, the only effect so far had been the splattering of a little crimson.

Smith came in with another savage rush, absolutely careless of the terror of Langford's wallop. He drove his right fist straight out with all his strength, and the third of his glove on Langford's eye could have been heard across the way on Third avenue. The Fairmont Club, jammed to the roof-beams with countless, sweating, enthusiastic fight fans, rose collectively six inches from its chairs and shrieked with joy. Langford staggered.

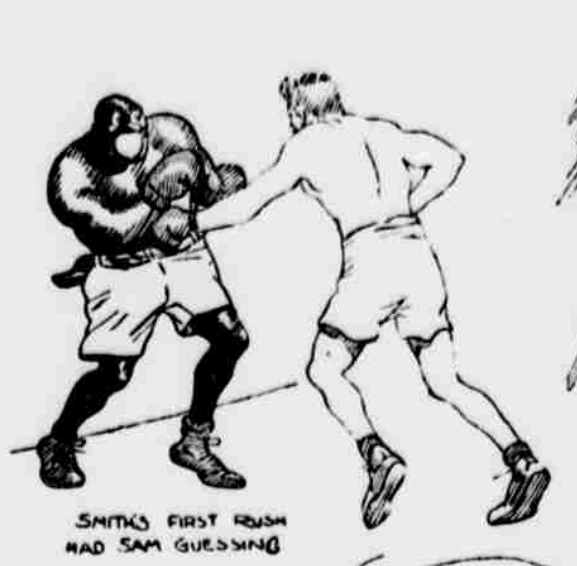
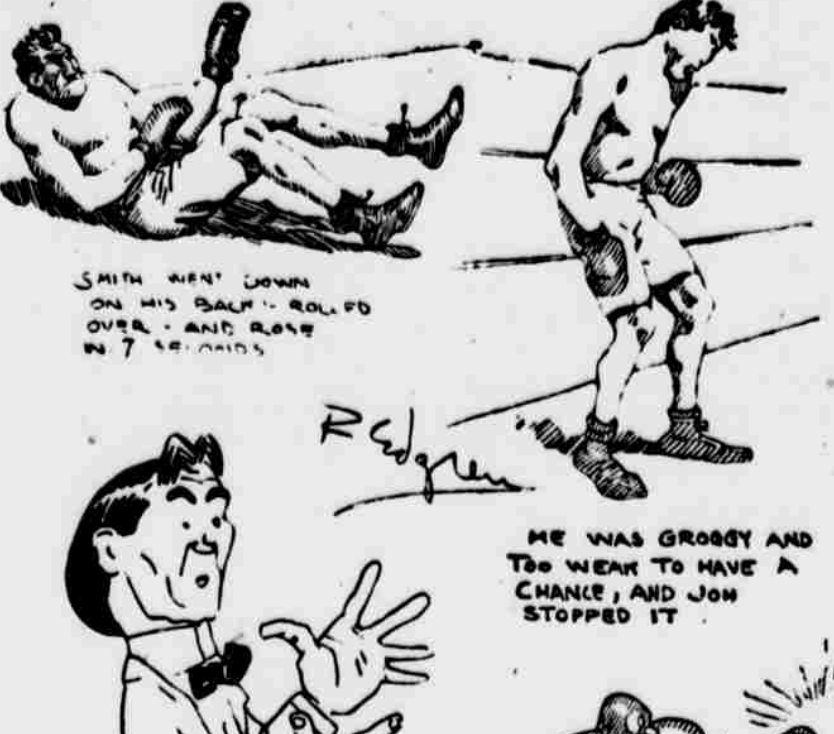
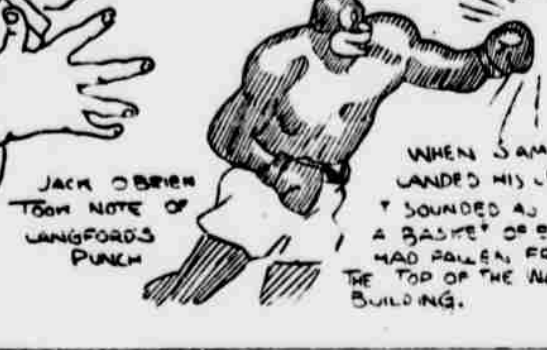
Smith dashed in again. He dashed Smith again with another fearful right. This time Langford pulled away just far enough to make the blow miss. Then Sam leaned in and his right shoulder popped low for a single second. Up came the right with a swing of shoulder and body behind it. Langford's right flat met Smith's chin with a crunching sound. Instantly the shoulder and arm dropped and instantly it rose again, shoulder and body in the blow, driving the black man's fist against the Farmer's chin. Smith fell slowly and reluctantly backward to a sitting position, retained the momentum of the fall for a fraction of a second, and then rolled limply over upon his back. There he lay stretched, seemingly knocked out.

But there's iron in Smith's makeup. He lay still for one or two seconds, struggled up, and in a moment he was on his feet. But referee John Sprang between the men as Smith turned to face the calmly waiting black. Waving Langford to his corner, he beckoned to Smith's seconds, and they came into the ring willingly enough. The referee had done the right thing. Smith, on his feet, was reeling and limp, unfit to go on. Against some other heavyweight, yes, Smith might have pulled through the round. But against Langford—no chance. To have allowed Sam another wallop would have been unnecessary cruelty. Smith didn't see it that way. He wanted to continue.

Right from the start the fight was a thriller. In the beginning of the first round Smith jumped from his corner and dashed across the ring, eager to begin. His first punch was a heavy right that landed on Langford's chin, and he followed with a left before Sam could recover from his surprise. From that moment it was terrific—a battle of the Titans. Smith was a few inches taller than the black man, clear skinned, muscular, small bodied, clean cut. Langford, short and squat in comparison, was much broader and heavier. His muscles bulged under the shiny coal-black skin. His round head, set squarely on his shoulders, and his sullen expression gave him a most forbidding appearance. His body was heavy—he was a little too thick at the waist line. From the start Langford used his punches with deliberation, timing Smith's rushes and swinging every blow for a knockout. During the last ten seconds of the first round Smith was staggering, but he is tough as whalebone. In the second Langford was panting from his exertions, and Smith drove punch after punch into his body. Sam swung a heavy left against Smith's nose, and the color showed. Smith slugged and Langford shrugged, without let-up. The Farmer reached Sam's chin and hurled him against the ropes. For a moment Langford was dazed. Both were tired at the end.

Smith groggy in third. The third was even fiercer. Langford, infuriated and landed heavily in the clinches. Once he "looped" four or five blows to Smith's chin, knocking him groggy. Smith staggered. Sam again with a right. It was very even fighting, even though Langford was dealing out the heavier punishment and seemed to have control of the situation.

In the beginning of the fourth Smith landed a crashing right in Sam's midsection. Sam grinned—with an effort, and said: "That's good." Then he staggered for a minute, then Smith hammered Langford to the ropes. The crowd was on its feet yelling for the white man. Langford looked tired. He was growing slower, but in the next rush he swung his left against Smith's eye, cutting it. Sam considerably re-

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T SOUNDED AS IF  
A BASKET OF EGGS  
HAD FALLEN FROM  
THE TOP OF THE WORLD  
BUILDING.Do You Know What a "Bonidium" Is?  
If You Don't Here's Explanation.

It became necessary yesterday to coin a new word to describe a certain line of thought common to the genus fan. Listen to the following mental outpouring and see if you do not think that "Bonidium" is the proper word? Cobb was at the bat and there was no one on base and nobody out. He got a base on balls. "Is the pitcher trying to give him his base on balls?" asked Bone No. 1. "Sure," replied Bone No. 2 as his brow wrinkled into an expression of deep wisdom. "He is purposely giving Cobb his base so as to make Crawford hit into a double play." Now, if you can top that you can get 8 to 5.

Tigers' Side Retired on a Bad Error;  
Peculiar Play Recorded at HilltopMisplay Stops Visitors From  
Scoring During Batting Rally  
in the Fourth Inning.

BY ROZEMAN FULGER.

A QUEER link arose in our pastime during the fourth game with the Tigers, when it was proved conclusively that a bad error can sometimes stop an opponent from scoring when the best of the pitching has failed. Pretty hard to get that one through the outer lining of the brain, but the fact remains that the feet-footed Tigers in one overhauled inning, after making four hits in a row, were suddenly stopped from scoring by a most unexpected error on the part of Pitcher Ford.

It was in the fourth inning when this peculiar play was recorded, and it will go down in diamond lore as a classic. There were two runners on the bases and two out when Dave Jones smashed a hot single into left center. Stange, who had been on second, started to score, but when Jennings saw that Daniels had made a perfect throw to the plate, the Tiger manager grabbed the big catcher and yanked him back to third base. But, ah! the throw was not perfect, or, at least, it was not perfectly handled. Sweeney thought that Ford was going to stop the ball so as to make a play at second, and Ford thought that Sweeney was going to take the throw. As a consequence Ford let the ball roll between his legs and skip to the hand. In the meantime Jennings, seeing a sure chance to score, turned Stange loose and bade him hike on to the plate. By this time Sweeney had recovered the wild ball, and a quick throw to Ford at the plate nailed Stange, and the side was retired on what started out like one of the worst plays of the day.

Side Retired on Error. "You can take it from me," said Stange, as he arose from the cloud of dust at the plate, "that is the first time I ever saw a side retired on a bad error."

Even that sudden check to the ambitions of the Tigers could not stop them from coming into their own, for a few innings later they suddenly discovered Jack Quinn on the mound, and the heavy artillery of the visitors proceeded to uncoil a broadside that burnt up the outfield and put four tallies over the pan. When Jones, Bush, Cobb and Crawford began their rapid fire clubbing the groundskeeper might as well unlock

the gates and invite the crowd back for the morrow. The day is done. Cobb, incidentally, is still suffering from a nervous breakdown, and the best that he could do on his return to the pastime, after a temporary expulsion for getting fresh with Arbitrator Mullin, was to comb Ford for a three sacker and Quinn for a single, both wallpops figuring heavily in the getting of runs. Little Coss must have also suffered from some interior trouble, for his record for the afternoon was a simple matter of a three bagger, a home run into the bleachers and a single. He expects to have improved by this afternoon so that he can get back to his regular form.

Donovan Has a Big Day. The second victory of the Tigers over our Hilltop crew was a red letter day for William Donovan, the pitching lecturer sometimes known as Wild Bill. They call him that because he has control. To celebrate his victory over the down-trodden Killers Mr. Donovan made up his mind at the last minute to give us an exhibition of the real thing that is needed to win games. After having shown us a single that was hit on the nose, this young pitcher, who has never received any medals for speed on the hoof, deliberately dropped a bunt between the pitcher and third and beat it out as easy as you please. Several faints in surprise, while others cheered. Naturally this warmed the cockles of William's heels and he then cut another paper by making a clean deal of second. Everything would have been lovely for

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Morgan Teaches English Manager Trick  
About Matchmaking and Gets Wells at 133English Champion Had Said  
He Couldn't Do Less  
Than 134.

Dan Morgan—they call him "Dumb Dan" because he neglects to say anything in praise of his opponents—is an awful boob when it comes to making a match for his protegee. He always gets the worst of it, maybe.

In making the match that will bring K. O. and English champion Wells together in this city the latter part of this month Morgan pulled a new one on Manager George McDonald and Backer Levy of the Wells camp that had them gasping for breath when they finally had agreed to Morgan's scheme, something they previously had declared impossible. McDonald had insisted that the very best weight Wells could do was 132

Pitcher Ford Misses Throw  
From Outfield and Ball Rolls  
to the Stands.

Bill, but he spilled the beans by trying to score from second on a short hit and the fire was out. "Anyway," said Bill, by way of explanation, "you will have to show me another shoe-footed pitcher around these parts who can beat out a bunt and then steal second. I know that Chief Meyers stole second once, but you see I have it on him because he never beat out a bunt."

The Highlanders will play their farewell game with the Tigers this afternoon, and by midnight they will be on their way to the land of the enemy. Before striking the direct Western trail between the pitcher and third and beat it out as easy as you please. Several faints in surprise, while others cheered. Naturally this warmed the cockles of William's heels and he then cut another paper by making a clean deal of second. Everything would have been lovely for

BOXING STAG TO-NIGHT.

At the National Sporting Club—a white horse tournament will be staged. Several hours between now and the profession will be put on.

Matches Arranged. Jimmy Dunn of this city and Willie Jones of Brooklyn have been secured to meet in a ten-round bout at the star of the Atlantic A. A. of Rockaway Beach to-morrow night.

The fight will be a welterweight affair. The fighters will be late all be George O. King of Boston. Any has already made Dan McKelrick a big draw in the Jones and Willie Lewis out there to fight.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, who meets Sam Langford in a ten-round bout at one of the best clubs on town, Tuesday night, resumed his training at Cannon's headquarters and expects to be in first class shape when he goes against the colored champion. O'Brien says that he is confident he will give a good account of himself.

## ANOTHER WHITE HOPE BLASTED

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THE LAST BLOW WAS A  
TERRIFIC RIGHT UPPERCUT ON SMITH'S CHINChances Very Much  
Against the Giants  
Capturing PennantDuring Their Last Home Stand,  
Starting To-Morrow at the  
Polo Grounds, the Locals  
Will Meet the Five Strongest  
Clubs in National League.GIANTS' HOME DATES  
AGAINST FIVE BEST  
CLUBS IN NATIONAL.Philadelphia—Aug. 11, 12, 13, 15.  
Cincinnati—Aug. 16, 17, 18, 19.  
Chicago—Aug. 21, 22, 23.  
Pittsburgh—Aug. 24, 25, 26.  
St. Louis—Aug. 28, 29, 30, 31.

THE Giants are now on their way home from Chicago for their last stand on the Polo Grounds. It will practically decide whether or not they will capture the National League pennant.

It is up to the club to overcome the lead which the Pirates and Cubs have on them and to so firmly establish themselves in first place that when they go on their last trip West they will be able to retain the lead whether or not they do better than they have on the journey just closed.

At present it looks like a herculean task Manager McGraw has before him to land his team a winner, for they virtually wind up the season away from home. The three Eastern clubs that the Giants may depend on to help them out are nowhere near as strong as the four Western clubs, and it is against them that they will have to wage the closing battles.

If the New Yorkers capture the pennant they will have to make a somewhat similar spurt to that being made by the Pirates at present. The latter have won eighteen out of their last nineteen struggles—and have brought themselves from fifth place to the front with great unexpectedness.

Giants Borne Even in West. The Occidental jaunt just made by the Manhattanites isn't what you call a good one for a team that is looked upon as a likely pennant winner. The best the club could do was to break even—winning seven and losing seven. This showing, however, is better than that made by either the Dodgers, Phillies or Boston.

The Brooklyn boys played surprisingly well, coming mighty near splitting equally abroad, and it was by far the best exhibition that they have made in the "wild and woolly" West. The Rustlers and the Phillies hardly won enough games to count on one hand—and had they done as well as the Dodgers the Giants would be leading the procession now instead of holding down third.

The Giants started off by winning two of the three games at St. Louis, and then they lost the last two at Philadelphia, Oct. 4, Brooklyn, Sept. 7, 8, 9 and Oct. 12; Boston, Labor Day (3 games) and Oct. 7.

And losing two to the Reds. After dropping the first of their series to the Cardinals they captured the next three games, and played such remarkably fast ball that the Mount City scribes hailed them as sure coming champions.

The McGrawites started off in Pittsburgh like world beaters, breaking the Pirates' winning streak of thirteen straight victories, and making the former big time holders look like amateurs. Then the worm turned, and the Smokeville outfit came back in the next two battles and wiped the earth with the Giants.

Giants Closed Trip Well. The Windy City was the next stopping place for the Gotham Hopes, and they played poor baseball in the first two games and surrendered them. They closed the trip in great form, making sixteen runs and eighteen hits in five runs and seven hits by the Cubs.

During the balance of this month, starting to-morrow afternoon, the Giants will meet all of the strongest clubs of the League, and if they climb to first place and have any appreciable advantage over the other clubs when they strike the West they have a chance to win the flag. If they don't better their position to any extent it is hard to see how they can ever finish first. The Phillies will start the ball-rolling with the Giants. They have been the toughest nut the club has had to tackle this season. They are the real Jinx of the New York team and if the Giants win they will practically be up-setting baseball precedent. It is seldom a club is able to defeat another that has the sign on it no matter what its relative standing. Look how the Giants have it on the Dodgers; the Highlanders on the Tigers; the Cubs on the Rustlers, and so forth.

After playing four games here the Phillies will make room for the Reds, who also have four contests scheduled. The Cubs then call for three; the Pirates for three and the Cardinals for four. This will conclude the appearance of the Eastern clubs for the season and about wind up the Giants' stay at home.

The only games thereafter will be the following: Philadelphia, Oct. 4, Brooklyn, Sept. 7, 8, 9 and Oct. 12; Boston, Labor Day (3 games) and Oct. 7.

JIM SAVAGE KNOCKS OUT  
SAILOR WHITE IN SEVENTH

Jim Savage, the New Jersey heavyweight, knocked out Sailor White, the Irish fighter of Jersey City, in the seventh round of a ten-round contest at the Auditorium against Young Saylor of this city. No decision was given, but the best Baldwin could have earned was a draw. Nine of the ten rounds were even, with Saylor having a lead in the ninth when he landed repeatedly on Baldwin's stomach.

BALDWIN-SAYLOR DRAW.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 10.—Matty Baldwin of Boston failed to show his old time "pep" in his ten-round battle at the Auditorium against Young Saylor of this city. No decision was given, but the best Baldwin could have earned was a draw. Nine of the ten rounds were even, with Saylor having a lead in the ninth when he landed repeatedly on Baldwin's stomach.

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National League Has New White Hope—  
Or Is It Black Hope?—The Pirates.

There is a new white hope—or is it black?—in the National League pennant race. To-day the Pirates are in the lead for the first time this season. They went to the front by whipping the Phillies again while the Cubs were being lambasted by the Giants. However, the Smokeville crew need not feel too cocky over their position as they are only a teeny, weeny point ahead of the Cubs. The Giants are in third place, twenty-four points behind the Pittsburghers. The Phillies have had a very disastrous trip, being in fourth place now, five full games from the top rung of the championship ladder. The Cardinals are next in line, with but a scant half game separating them from the Quakers. The Reds are coming pretty strong and have a percentage of .459.

ALEXANDER AND  
HACKETT BEATEN  
IN STATE TOURNEY

AFTER six years of supremacy, Frederick B. Alexander and Harold H. Hackett, the national and State lawn tennis doubles champions, yielded to the slashing racket work of Theodore Roosevelt Pell and Lytle E. Mahan in straight sets to the score of 6-4, 6-0 in the fourth round of the New York State championship tournament on the courts of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge.

As a result of the matches yesterday Pell meets Bundy in the semi-final of the singles and Hackett meets McLaughlin. In the doubles Pell and Mahan meet the California pair, Bundy and McLaughlin, while Touchard and Little meet Dean Mathey and Church.

Billy Gural, the distance runner, from Alexandria, Va., will be forced to his limit to win the amateur race for professionals, which will be the feature of the games of the Irish Volunteers at Coney Park Sunday afternoon. Gural, though in fine trim, will have to go the wind to beat some Abbie Woods, the speedy Canadian; John Auld, of Sweden; and Carl Nienhuis, the clever Philander, all of whom are running faster now than at any time in their careers.

The only games thereafter will be the following: Philadelphia, Oct. 4, Brooklyn, Sept. 7, 8, 9 and Oct. 12; Boston, Labor Day (3 games) and Oct. 7.

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NEW AMSTERDAM, 42nd St., Eves. at 8:15. Klaw & Erlanger's Musical Comedy of Love.  
THE PINK LADY  
CRITERION, 11th St. & Broadway, 8:15. A RIOT OF FERVOR AND SONG. JOHN HYANS & LILA MINTRE. IN THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
JARDIN DE PARIS, 34th St., N.Y. Theatre.  
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES  
Smoking, Refreshments, Table Seats, \$1.  
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BERGERE, 11th St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
GLOBE, 42nd St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
VALESA SURATT, 42nd St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.PALISADES  
AMUSEMENT PARK  
THE LURING LAUGHTER  
Presenting TO-NIGHT: A Grand Musical Comedy.  
THE ABORN OPERA CO. IN "THE RED FEATHER" and "THE LURING LAUGHTER".  
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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S, 42nd St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
CROSMAN IN "THE RED FEATHER" and "THE LURING LAUGHTER".  
BROADWAY, 42nd St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
LEW FIELDS IN "THE RED FEATHER" and "THE LURING LAUGHTER".HAMMERSTEIN'S  
ROOF  
RUTH ST. DENIS, 11th St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.  
ALL STAR THEATRE, 42nd St. & Broadway, 8:15. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.OLYMPIC  
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